

In The Deep Of The Night

Rough Silk

Where the rich become the beggars
and the wise become the fools
some jaded heart may turn the page
and start to break the rules

way beyond the distance
the knaggy oaks of truth
wake thoughts of resistance
and send you on the loose

in the deep of the night
with your face on the ground
you'll learn to spit at the devil
not to get pushed around

in the deep of the night
when you gaze at the stars
when the fogs cry "freedom"
you'd better count your scars

maybe I'm sinner
and maybe I ain't no saint
but I know the ancient dreams
of the bounded and the chained

slavery or justice
holy preacher's fail
but preservatived lust
is getting outa jail now

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